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The Centurion

Organ of No Clique
or Party
(Except maybe Us)

Vol. 2, No. 3 VICTORIA COLLEGE Wednesday, November 28, 1962

EDITORIAL

Shmeditorial. Who needs 'em. Instead we offer you these Centurion suggestions for harmonious college life in response to queries (we don't mean little queers) we have received.

1. How to get more attention for Vic College in university circles.

Simple — discrimination, that's the ticket. A little race prejudice put Ole Mississippi U. on the map. Vic. College can be a big chip off the Little Rock. Start throwing your apple cores at all the Azerbaijanians you find.

2. How to continue gambling with perfect impunity from the vigilanties.

(a) Plastic cards and SCUBA gear in the showers.

(b) Have your mother (mistress?) bake 52 square cookies with clever chocolate chip spot and glaced fruit face-cards. When the vice-squad comes, eat 'em. (It was a crummy hand, anyhow.)

3. How to smuggle your hooch into the college dances.

Don't. Tank up in the car. You have to be blinders to pay $5 for the ducats anyhow.

4. How to get out of Student Court jury duty.

Go around supporting a motion to jack up AMS fees. Every-one will figure you're mentally incompetent. Caution! Don't overdo it by advocating wages for the Student Council. They'll bundle you off to the funny farm for sure.

5. How to truncate the vituperative stream of castigations of college activities emanating from commentator Dick Batey.

(a) Establishment of magistacy incumbent upon whom it would be to relegate to an ignorant public a greater diffusion of genuine and truthfull intelligence regarding student affairs and functions.

(b) A cork.

6. How to keep your fire-crackers from "PHTTTING" during auditorium gatherings.

Use a grenade.

Lucky Number Contest

Winner receives a million trillion dollars, and his choice between a clear pass in three subjects or next year's Vice-Presidency.

Winning number is:
83254609

Were you close?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gentlemen:

Do keep your fluent flow of fantastic, farcical and facetious fare coming! (The preceding sentence is not to be quoted out of context in your weekly compliment section.)

I hope that the . . .

Nan Gregory

Dear Sirs:

You guys can't be that stupid naturally — you must go to dumb-school at night.

Jonathan Starbuck

Dear Sirs:

Why is it you people can't see fit to publish your periodical on regular dates. You don't see the Stylus coming out late, do you?

Mike Stephen

Eds Note. We don't see the Stylus coming out at all.

Dear Sirs:

In that idiotic article (Eds. Note. See "Don't Be a Schlunk All Your Life," by Daniel O'Brien, Oct. 25) in your last issue you left out one phrase particularly applicable to your situation — "CAN IT!"

Big Jim McNulty

Dear Sirs:

The Centurion is sure great for wadding up the holes in my walls.

Big Mary (at the Eastern)

Dear Sirs:

Who were those kids in the last issue? The Centurion staff?

Anne Logie

Dear Sirs:

. . . the Student Court?

Gray Eaton

Dear Sirs:

. . . the SCM?

Beth Haugen

Dear Sirs:

I hope that photograph accompanying Mr. O'Brien's editorial is not symptomatic of any regression on his part. I would not like to see your AMS grant squandered on copies of "Goldilocks and the Three Polyglots."

Anxious

Editor, Sir:

I didn't get my $24 worth, Somebody stole pages 3 and 4 out of my Centurion. But in order to be a" . . . two-page . . . fold-out" it must be SIX pages. Just like Playboy, dig?

(Censored)

P.S. Who won what in the lucky draw?
P.2S. I think you're a bunch of lyin' b—!

DON'T BE A SCHLUNK ALL YOUR LIFE—SCARS

(Fourth in a series of didactic essays on how to improve your social image.)

By DANIEL O'BRIEN

A short while ago, I had occasion to visit a friend of mine lodged, most unfortunately, in our local hospital. My visit was just prior to his operation date, and as sundry members of the administration had recently replaced the progress graph at the foot of his bed with a wreath, he had permitted some foolish misgivings to dampen his spirits. Naturally, I set about, with characteristic discretion and delicacy, to rectify this situation. In my efforts to dispell his gloom, however, I soon became desperate for subject matter, and at length, began to dilate upon the highly beneficial yet seldom considered aspects of **scars**—of which, I chortled encouragingly, he was sure to receive a goodly number. This was I'm sure you'll allow, something of a last resort but, as I warmed to my topic, I myself became aware of an esssential sinew of truth permeating its substance. Finding myself actually lending some credance to my own arguments proved to be such a novel sensation that I have been moved to record for posterity some of the more salient features.

It is a fact that in this age of electric razors, Max Factor, and seat belts, the proverbial "school-girl" complexion is no longer at a premium. Issue taken on the practical aptness of this metaphor, in the light of the myriad schoolgirls (and boys) in existence displaying complexions bearing marked resemblance to a telephoto of the moon, will not be debated here. Like Dickens' "doornail," this figure embodies the wisdom of our ancestors, and shall remain undisturbed by our unhallowed hands.
Suffice to say, somewhat oximoronically, that, having survived the ravages of puberity, everybody, **but everybody** exhibits a "school-girl" complexion.

Now it is also a fact that human society will lionize only that individual who deviates from the norm in some dashing manner. Thus we find, in society "suffocating in its own fat" as Marx has it, Marlon Brando pooping around Hollywood on a motorcycle, clad in a somewhat besmirched and lacerated singlet, while Madison Avenue chooses some rather bronzed and bedraggled toxophile, deftly stalking a man-eating ant-eater, to pause and pose for our emulation with a particular brand of cigarettes. The trend is obviously away from the stereotyped, flawless, television profile. A degree of heroic imperfection is sought.

Now what imperfection could possibly be more heroic than a good scar. A scar marks one as a man of action. More. It is the badge of the human animal—civilized by choice yet savage by nature; resourceful and arrogant in his unequalled contest with the invisible powers. He proudly bears the marks of his struggle, and there is something tragically powerful and compelling in this final declaration of mortality. It is a broad arrow, distinguishing the temporal uniform from its divine pattern. The bearer is positively identified as MAN—something less yet surely something more than a god. At this point the reader will doubtless recall Ulixes scornfully rejecting immortality on Calypso's Isle in favour of his human lot of cark and care. The bitter-sweet heritage exclusive to the sons of man, comparison with which turns ambrosia to ashes in the mouths of the Olympians.

The assets arising from an effective scar do not end here. Oh no! Enhanced and augmented by an element of romantic mendacity (most pardonable of vices) its effect is increased tenfold. In the hands of an expert, a small patch of fresh tissue may well rival the Arabian Nights as a source of enthrallment. As a prelude to intimacy, it is impossible to over estimate the advantages accruing to a small section of "the ol' single track railway" running the extent of ones face, or, more fetching yet, diagonally across it. I seem to remember Othello wooing and winning Desdimona with a passel of "stretchers", and anyone, I submit, may follow suit— particularly with the appropriate scars upon which to focus. Explanations for the origin of your scar may range from a simple Rose Bowl triumph to a hand to hand combat with the abominable Yeti on the snow-swept slopes of K-24, depending, of course, on the volubility of the narrator, and the gullibility of his audience.

In most cases, the design and contour of a specific scar will lend itself to inspiration. The jagged semi-circle wrought by a broken whiskey bottle (a momento, perhaps, of some good natured altercation with your companions) immediately suggests the paw of a large bear or puma, and the story wants only embelishment. The irregular pattern acquired in a short but lively acquaintanceship with a barbwire fence automatically recalls membership in the clandestine fencing fraternity of a German university, and so on **ad infinitum.** It is a gentle crime and any pangs of conscience are soothed by the realization that ones scars, like Caesar's wounds are but poor, dumb mouths, and if, unlike Antony, one scruples to put a redeeming tongue into them, damaging inferences will certainly be drawn . . .

All this and more I attempted to impart to my bed-ridden friend, but I must confess, he derived but little solace from my cheer, (such was the extent of his afflictions). Near as I can remember his only response was a sardonic observation that the location of his prospective scar would be such as to afford him little pre-marital assistance, subordinated to a rather curt, I thought, request that I might remove my left foot from his oxygen hose.

BAD JOKE OF THE FORTNIGHT

"Sure hope this rain keeps up."
" How come?"
"Cause then it won't come down."

Wimmen!

The Social Swirl

MASQUERADE

Members of Victoria College's students' council held a masquerade party in the basement of the new student union building Thursday evening, which was decorated in a "Little Venice" motif.

Among the guests present were Mike Horn, disguised as a beer stein; Lorne Priethtley, disguised as the Faerie Queene; Tony Else, disguised as Something Else; and Alf Pettersen, disguised as himself.

Mr. Pettersen was unanimously awarded the first prize for his Hitler uniform.

BASH

Maximilian Gerhart Schoenfeldt threw a big drunken party down his basement the other night.

The party's name was Rolli Cacchioni.

PARTY

The scintillating social event of the season was held last night in the form of a party at the elegant Reid Manor given by the heir apparent, Julian Reid XXIII. well known poet and purveyor of honey sandwiches, for an intimate gathering of his college friends. Those attending included Mr. James McNulty, Mr. Jonathan Starbuck, Mr. Ernest (the famous piscatorial magnate), Mr. Martin Finsterwold, Mr. Byron Frost, and the Misses Luella La Femme, Wanda Creighton, Sue Mitchell, and Mary Holt-Smith. Refreshments were served and a gay evening was enjoyed by this tight little group.

The hostess, Miss Wanda Creighton, wore a pink organdy waltz-length gown with pleated darts and a scalloped yoke, gathered into a large velvet bow behind. Her trailing bodice was a beautiful mauve sequined brocade. For jewelry she chose a few simple loops of copper wire through either ear and one diamond solitaire navel jewel. Julian himself was resplendent in his smartly tailored blazer with the familiar dandruff epaulettes. A sparkling 'Three Stooges' ring and one 'ban-the-bomb' button set off this ensemble with disarming simplicity. But Miss Mitchell really stole the spotlight with a homemade sartorial masterpiece—a leotard creation fashioned entirely out of black bicycle tape.

A program of musical entertainment was provided with Mr. McNulty on the piano, Miss Holt-Smith on the oboe and Mr. Reid on the floor. Later Miss La Femme danced for the group. The arresting officer, Mr. Bejabers O'Hare, wore a crisp blue suit with modest brass buttons set off by a dazzling blue steel revolver. His companion, Mr. Paddy O' Rourke, tastefully attired in a similar suit, wore a smart pair of jack boots and matching leather cummerbund cunningly filled with saffron .45 cartridges. A stunning mahogany hued night-stick provided the final touch.

YOUR WEAKLY RECIPE

BOGDIGGER'S DELIGHT: This one comes from our Killigrew correspondent. She writes, "When my old man gets home from a hard day in the peat bog, he likes to sink his chompers into a whumpin' gump O' Bogdiggah's Deelight!"

Ingredients:

Candied Ostrich navels
Whiskey
One cup boiled-out tablecloth stains
Whiskey
Pork jowls
Whiskey
Bran flakes
Whiskey

Mix ingredients in large crock. Beat to a filmy consistency. Bake for three hours on a hot brick. Throw away and eat brick.

The New Look

The fashion world is all agog today with the new "Marie Antoinette" look, inspired by Voluptua Van Vavavoom's role in MGM's colossal new cinema masterwork, "Bastille Days," directed by Maurice Gillotine and produced by William Gillette. Let's face it, gals, anybody who's anybody these days is cultivating this stunning new concept in feminine wiles. So don't be a nobody, everybody, and lets have all bodys be somebody —or something. HAH?

(continued)

Marie Antoinette Look

and DURING

So let's get with it, girls, and follow these few simple steps to a new stunning you!

First, take an objective look in the mirror. (Not all at once, of course, sneak up on it. In a dimly lit room. Sunglasses optional.) Hoo boy, like a sackfull of doorknobs! This is not the time to get discouraged, but it's as good as any.

Still with me? O.K. garbage gut, let's get at that grease. How? Dr. Duck's Crash Diet, that's how! From his new book, "Lose Thirty Pounds for the Party Tonight." It's one-meal-a-days-ville, kids. One gram tripe and one curd cottage cheese, garnished lavishly with water basted with rich black coffee, and topped of with one-half marichino cherry. Dessert: oh, you kid! Should this fail, a revolutionary new concept in dieting is gaining popularity. BE BAD! How many degenerate slobs (outside your family) do you know who are really fat? Vigorous promiscuity is good exercise. Have you any idea how much the average orgy burns up? 14000 calories and three neighbours, it's estimated.

Once the blubber has vanished—and it will, we guarantee it—you will be able to show off your new slim line at the next masquarade party. Slip a raison in your naval and go as a cookie.

But, getting back to the "Marie Antoinette" look, these are the few simple touches—touch up your hair with aluminium boiler paint; touch up your eyes with chimney soot; touch up your tongue with creosote (that'll stop the old beep beeps) ; touch up your brother-in-law for a sawbuck; and your ready for the big night.

Oh, oh—one more delicate touch to complete the "Marie Antoinette' image. Chop off your head.

The Centurion

Spawned by the following group of fishy characters. Any wonder it smells?

Daniel "Belial" O'Brien—the face that sunk a thousand launches.

Bob "Patroklus" Bell—fastest briefcase in the west.

Sharon "Pudding" Kirk—forty thousand werewolves can't be wrong.

Linda "The Legend" Lambie—come breakfast I die.

Leslie "Gesundheit" Millin—Victoria's answer to Asian Flu.

Ivars "Gwumba" Lusis—first of the small time spenders.

Brian "The Totem" Little—man in the grey-flannel loin cloth.

You heard him, yer' honner, he pleads "insanity"

COURT ROOM PARADE

Authorities were shocked in City Police Court this morning at testimony given in what promises to be the most sordid and bizarre court case of our century. The charges arise out of a "party" thrown at the notorious "blind pig" operated by "Fats" Reid, suspected vice kingpin. The list of guests read like an underworld Who's-Who, including "Big Jim" McNulty, Ernie the Fish Seller, "Blinky" Finsterwold, Byron Frosniak, and such infamous female figures as "Wharf Street" Wanda, stripper LuLu La Femme, Big Mary and the Spider Woman. "Never seen anything like it in all of Christendom, yer honour," said Constable O'Hare, one of the arresting officers. "They was hootin' and dancin' and carryin' on like a pack of haythens." "Like something out of Nero's time," commented Officer O'Rourke.

Drinking Problem? — What Drinking Problem?